

A legend of this little flower
I heard long years ago;
'Tis this : that when upon the cross
The sinless Saviour died,
And the soldier with his cruel spear,
Had pierced his precious side,
The holy drops flowed at his feet,
Then fell upon the sod,
Where Mary, kneeling, wept for Him,
Her Son, and yet her God.
An angel who was hovering near,
Thus breathed a prayer to Heaven:
O, Father, let them not be lost,
These drops so freely given;
But in some form of beauty still,
Let them remain on earth!
And here upon this rugged hill,
Give some sweet flowered birth.
Then forth from the enanguished sod,
A fuschia sprang that morn,
Rich crimson, dyed with Christ's own blood,
Wrapped in his "robe of scorn."
Dropping in sorrow, still it bows
Ever its graceful head,
Shivering in the slightest breeze,
Trembling with fear and dread;
For the dark shadow of the cross
Can ne'er forgotten be,
When all the perfume of its breath
Was spent on Calvary.
Yes, offering its rich fragrance there,
As incense at His feet,
The fuschia, though so beautiful,
Can never more be sweet.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of merchant ship in trade principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted manner for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow was obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserly pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on a humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners and her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth or station could procure. Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation as housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days illness, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the younger daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; taking care never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly another, but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing a vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband assuring him that he would recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in the spring, when we met to hear the singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the courtroom, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant, while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had

The Dear-Blantes' Home Mail.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." --CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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we not been informed about the matter our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however,

Burr made no attempt to refute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired one of the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when he re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her white straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealed her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then graciously raised her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cool, quiet tone :

"Do you know this lady?"
Ans. "I do."
Burr. "Will you swear to that?"
Ans. "I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

Burr. "Can you swear to the identity?"
Ans. "I can."
Burr. "What is her age?"

Ans. "She was thirty years of age on the 20th day of April."

Burr. "When did you last see her?"
Ans. "At her own house, about a fortnight since."

Burr. "When did you last see her previous to that morning?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—."

"When she was three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint you the downward progress of heart sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utmost scorn for the mean, contemptible wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was a love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us now ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask her which has been to her a father.

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollection of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chisel which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke: "You are not my father," exclaimed she, vehemently. "The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father! you who basely left your wife and brought your children to beggary! Never! Behold there my father," point-

ing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy, who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affections and shares my home—there is my father." For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare to insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decree of justice."

I need not say our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

A Narrow Escape.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuyler was not then in active military service, but, at his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyers, a tory colleague of the famous Joe Beldy, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact state of affairs at Scuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he had seized at work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, alternately on duty continually. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was released, he hastened to Schuyler and warned him of his peril.

As the twilight of a sultry day in August was yielding into night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion; the servants were about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying on the grats in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of the window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the late patroon), instantly flew down the great stair-way, snatched the sleeping infant from the cradle and bore it to its mother. One of the Indians hurled sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried in the railing of the stair. Meyer, supposing her to be a servant, called to her, as she flew up the stairs, "Where's your master?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town!" Her father heard her, and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, as to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house, and secure the villains!" The alarmed marauders, who were plundering the general's dining-room of the plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, General Schuyler's youngest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857.—From "The Romance of the Hudson," by BENSON J. LOSSING, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Scotch Proverbs.

Ye're maister o' yer ain words; but, anes spoken, your words may maister you.

Bend the back to the burden.

Be a frien' to yoursel' and sae will iters.

Better be alane than in ill company.

Do the likeliest, an' God will do the best.

Fear God an' keep out o' debt.

Fules make feasts, an' wise men eat them.

An' wise men mak' proverbs, an' fules repeat them.

Fair words ne'er brak a bane, foul words may.

A truism—An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

Revenges.

During the Revolutionary War there was living in Pennsylvania Peter Miller, pastor of little Baptist Church. Near the church lived a man who had secured an enviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He was also guilty of treason, and was for this reason sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Peter Miller set out on foot to visit General Washington, at Philadelphia, to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer could not be granted. "My friend," exclaimed Miller, "I have not a worse enemy living than that man."

"What?" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That, in my judgment, puts the matter in a different light. I will grant you his pardon."

The pardon was made out, and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked: "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified by seeing me hung."

These words were scarcely spoken before Miller handed him his pardon, and his life was spared.

An Israelite's Ambition.

The residence of Baron Rothschild and his estate at Mentmore is described as being one of the finest and most extensive in England. It contains over 20,000 acres of the finest land in Buckinghamshire. It has gardens, green-houses, and graperies arranged so as to furnish fruit every month in the year. Oranges, pineapples, and other tropical fruits, are grown in abundance. When the Baroness is absent, yachting in the channel, or at her city residence in London, supplies are daily sent to her from Mentmore in response to orders by telegraph.

The vases in the fountain and the Italian gardens cost £1,000 each. The statuary in all is of the most costly kind, and executed by the first masters. The great hall, which is 200x30 feet, is filled with the most elegant vases and statuary. It is estimated that the contents must represent a value of not less than £100,000.

It takes not less than three hours for a person to pass through the different apartments. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of the whole from the fact that the furniture of a single bed-room, being one of the many guest-chambers, cost £25,000 or £30,000.

In the dining and Baronial Hall there are furnishings valued at £200,000. Costly cabinets, of the time of Louis XIV., made of ebony inlaid with ivory or gold, diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones, the walls hung with the costliest tapestries of the time of Louis XIV., or covered with the richest needle-embroidered satin, may give some idea of the amount of wealth that has been lavished upon the more than princely mansion. The costliest paintings adorn its walls, and the most skillful and expensive workmanship has been displayed in the decoration of the ceilings of the various apartments.

The idea of Baron Rothschild appears to have been to build and furnish a mansion, such as no other person in England, except, perhaps, the Duke of Westminster, could hope to rival.

The Baron's stud is said to contain more thoroughbred horses than any other in the world. It embraces thirty-five hunters, and as many race horses, none of which are valued at less than £500 each, while many of them run up into the thousands.

Oriental Proverbs.

The following are some of the infinite number of Oriental proverbs :

It is easy to mount a little donkey.

The nightingale was shut up in a golden cage, but she still cried, "My home, My home."

Two captains in one ship will surely sink her.

The fox ends by getting into the furrier's shop.

Knife wounds heal, but not those produced by a word. The heart is a crystal palace; once broken, it can never be mended.

With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

At sight of a glow-worm, the timid cry "Fire."

A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite.

Knife Doodle for this gentleman.

Mr. Clay, Russell and Adams were decided in favor of "Yankee Doodle."

The musical director was called in and informed of the decision.

He then asked if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air.

"I can't," said Mr. Clay; "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can."

"Neither can I," replied Mr. Bayard.

"Perhaps Mr. Russell can."

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.

"I have it, exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell, he summoned his colored body-servant.

"John," said Mr. Clay, "whistle Yankee Doodle for this gentleman."

John did so; the chief musicalian noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burgher's Band played the national air of the United States with variations, in grand style.—Boston Journal.

Asa Fairbanks, the old man whose

death on a witness stand in Providence, has been reported, was very poor, and

two of his daughters were very rich. A

fortune, which would have descended to him, had been willed to them. Estrange-

ment and a lawsuit were the consequences.

He fell while testifying, and, as he was

reviving, one of the daughters kissed him.

"How dare you kiss me, and keep my money?" he exclaimed, and roughly

pushed her aside. A few moments af-

terward he died.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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which?

There is no accounting for the preferences of people. Of course, in this free country, especially in this Centennial year, it is every one to his taste, as the old man said when he kissed the bull. Still one generally likes to see a little common sense exhibited in the matter of likes and dislikes.

Comparisons between the deaf and the blind, with arguments to show that the one is happier than the other, are things about which every reader has had his say, either in public or in private. Speculation in this direction does not traverse the bounds of common sense, and some of the ablest minds in both of the special professions do not disdain to put in word here and there.

The sanguine few go even farther in these comparisons, and boldly assert that the deaf-mute is happier than his fellow man gifted with all his senses. Under certain conditions he doubtless is. In a social gathering of mutes, for instance, the happiness of the hearing man would be at a discount. Other occasions and times in which this is true, will suggest themselves to those who care to dig into the subject; the sensible among us will see its absurdity on the very face of the question and give it the go by.

Current history tells us of one unfortunate individual who, after a prolonged stare at a company of mutes engaged in animated conversation, turned to his neighbor and asked what all the motions, curves, angles, horizontal and perpendiculars meant. He was informed the company were talking.

"Talk!" A little reflection. "And can they eat?" he queried.

Well. This had been enough; but what shall be said of the species of ineffable idiot, recently come to light, who unblushingly asserts that he would rather be a lunatic than deaf and dumb. He speaks advisedly too. He is keeper or attendant in a certain lunatic asylum, and is thoroughly posted on one side of the question, at least. The remark was entirely original with him. The remarkable conclusion was not drawn out on cross-examination, nor yet by appliances of any modern inquisition. It was voluntary—spontaneous. He was performing his wonted duty of conducting visitors over the asylum, and to a sigh and remark of pity by some innocent, sympathizing soul, he replied, "O! I would rather be insane than deaf and dumb."

A few weeks previously he had conducted a party of deaf-mutes over the building. It was a lively party, and all were in the best of spirits as he bears willing testimony. The ladies he describes as beautiful. The gentlemen—well, he didn't have eyes for them. He doubtless bowed his politest bow of adoration when they made their exit. Then in the padded walls and enlightened surroundings he pondered deeply on this phase of human nature, and in due time was ready with his conclusions. He does not keep them secret. The public has them.

But, unhappy admission! He casually remarked, by way of carrying conviction, that he knew whereof he spoke; we suppose that he was once a lunatic himself. But he was cured in time. So he says, and doubtless would not be gainsaid, but for this last cautious assertion. Is he really well? Is not the malady returning?

Life-Like.

The article published elsewhere headed the "The Thrifty Tramp," is a life-like picture of the common deaf-mute tramp. The scene is not in the least overdrawn, and it is sincerely hoped that deaf-mutes belonging to that class of roving people, when they see their characters so strongly reflected, will turn over a new leaf in their lives' history, and endeavor to become useful and honored citizens instead of being regarded as vagabonds, disgraceful, good-for-nothing pests and bores by intelligent and respectable society.

Reported Dead but Still Lives.

Levi Jack, a deaf-mute, who was said by some of his relatives to be dead, is still alive and well. He has been confined in the Insane Asylum at Augusta, Me., for six years. He is a relative of C. A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., and is also related to Samuel Hamilton, of Rockland, Me. Mr. Jack's insanity was the result of being robbed of \$500.

Important Circular.

The attention of the deaf and dumb and the general public is called to a circular issued by the board of trustees of "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes" published in the columns of this week's JOURNAL. The determination of the society to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, and their worthy efforts to furnish employment for those now out of work are highly commendable and should meet with prompt assistance.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes. To those for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; make items sent: *The Itemizer.*

The deaf-mutes of that portion of the West, included within the new mission field of Mr. A. W. MANN, are continually asking him when Dr. GALLAUDET intends coming out that way. They have been expecting him for some time, and are deeply interested in the work which he is prosecuting with such signal success at the East. Such inquiries are not confined to the mutes themselves. Their speaking friends, and the clergy, who have lately taken a great interest in the work, join in the wish that the Reverend Doctor may soon be able to leave his duties at the East for a while, and come out West for the purpose of shedding more light upon the extent and needs of this new effort of faith.

The Oswego *Palladium* of the 10th inst., has the following: "Hon. BILLA FLINT, of Belleville, Canada, made a very impressing speech to the deaf and dumb pupils at the Institution the other day. Dr. PALMER enjoyed it, but the pupils cannot imagine why the Senator kept his lips going so rapidly." [Having an able interpreter in the person of Dr. Palmer, the Principal of the Institution, to explain the Hon. Billa Flint's remarks for them, the pupils no doubt enjoyed it as well as did Dr. Palmer himself.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Religious Services.

On the evening of Whit-Sunday, the 4th inst., quite a number of deaf-mutes from the Institution and Carmansville attended service at the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, New York.

It was what has sometimes been called a combined service; the Rector, Rev. Mr. Donald, reading and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreting. The oral address of the latter was interpreted by Dr. Pest. Church work among adult deaf-mutes, and the Home for the Aged and Infirm constituted the theme. Rev. Mr. Donald remarked in closing, that such a service was specially fitted to close Whit-Sunday, for it had been conducted in two languages, reminding them of the day of Pentecost when the inspired apostles spoke in different languages.

On Monday, June 5th, Dr. Gallaudet was present at morning prayers in the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes. After Dr. Pest had explained the Bible lesson, he invited Dr. Gallaudet to make an address and offer prayer. Among other things, the Dr. impressed upon the pupils the great importance of their cultivating good characters.

On Monday, June 5th, at three p. m., the funeral of the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rusk took place at their residence, in New York. He was a bright and promising boy of about three years of age. Dr. Gallaudet went with the family to Greenwood Cemetery and committed the body to the grave.

A Good Chance for Employment.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY OCCUPATIONS SUITABLE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The following list of employments with which deaf-mutes are frequently occupied was furnished us by John L. Gage, of Winetka, Ill. Mr. Gage adds that the hearing and speaking classes are employed at more than 1,500 different kinds of occupations. With a choice among so many classifications of usefulness, it would seem that with the possession of ordinary health and reasonable success, the former need not suffer from want, while the latter might stand a reasonable chance of becoming rich. With one hundred and forty branches of industry to select from, we see no good reason (sickness and accidents excepted) why any deaf-mute man or woman need suffer from their inability to earn an honest and comfortable living. If any of them are complaining of lack of employment, we would in all candor advise them to carefully examine the list, select the kind of work for which they are peculiarly and best adapted by both nature and education, and go to work with a will, and then hard times will (to them, at least) cease to have a tangible existence. The kinds of employment in the various branches best adapted in most cases to deaf and dumb are as follows:

FOR MALES.

Agent, artist, baker, basket-maker, blacksmith, bookbinder, bookseller, boot maker, box maker, brass-finisher, brick maker, carver, carpenter, carpenter, carpet-weaver, carriage maker, carriage painter, card writer, case maker, chores, cigar maker, clerk, cloth sponger, clock maker, cooper, copyist, cabinet-maker, dentist, ditch-digger, driver, dyer, editor, engraver, engineer, farmer, farm laborer, file cutter, folio writer, fruiter, gardener, gas-tuber, glass engraver, gleaner, grainer, grape grower, harness maker, ham maker, heater, house carpenter, house builder, house painter, hortler, horse doctor, hotel keeper, insurance agent, inventor, iron moulder, iron chipper, jeweler, job printer, joiner, justice of the peace, laborer, letter carrier, lithographer, machinist, manager, mason, match-maker, mailing clerk, mechanic, merchant, miller, miner,

mop maker, moulder, nurseryman, packer, painter, peddler, piano maker, picture-frame maker, photographer, portrait painter, potter, postmaster, printer, publisher, pump maker, real estate dealer, recorder, repairer, and scouer, reverend, rubber-boot maker, saddler, sailor, sash, door and blind maker, sedman, sculptor, scouer, shoe-cutter, shoemaker, shipping clerk, ship builder, spinner, stamper, stone cutter, tailor, teacher, telegraph operator, tobacconist, tobacconist planter, truckman, trunk maker, turner, tucker and hemmer, vase maker, vegetable, watchmaker, watchman, wagon maker, weaver, window-screw maker, wiper engine.

FOR FEMALES.

Book-folder, cook, dressmaker, farmer's wife, house-keeper, house work, help-at-home, nun, nurse, seamstress, shoe-binder, tailoress, teacher, washerwoman.

St. Ann's Church.

WHIT-SUNDAY SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES
—SERMON BY REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET.

To St. Ann's Episcopal church, in Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, belongs the credit of looking out for the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes to the extent of giving to this unfortunate class each Sunday the benefit of special religious services. In this city and Brooklyn there are some three hundred deaf-mutes who avail themselves of these stated ministrations, held at the church at three o'clock p. m., on every Sunday.

ENGAGED IN THEIR SUNDAY DEVOTIONS.

There is no glitter or pomp or grand ceremonies of swelling anthems. "Silence is golden," says Carlyle. This is something beyond that. It is simplicity intensified. It is the purity of devotion idealized.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet conducted the services. He is a son of the late Rev.

Thomas H. Gallaudet, who, having been providentially led to devote himself to this work by his interest in the deaf daughter of a distinguished physician, went abroad to learn the art of teaching deaf-mutes, and accomplished his object at Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of the system originated by the Abbé de l'Epée and perfected by the Abbé Sicard, and on his return founded the first institution for the education of deaf-mutes in this country. Under the teachings of such a father and the training of his deaf-mute mother, and he himself having in turn married a deaf-mute, it could hardly be otherwise than that the son, the present well-known Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, should be a perfect master of the language of silence, but also filled with the genuine enthusiasm for this sadly afflicted class of humanity. The services were in accordance with the ritual for Whit-Sunday. With eyes on the various lessons as one succeeded the other, his hands acted as the interpreters; and so, in reading portions of the Scriptures and the hymn, "O sing unto the Lord a new song," every eye watched the swiftly moving hands and fingers and pantomime shrugs and motions, and it was as plain to them as the spoken Word. At the close of the preliminary exercises followed

A BAPTISM.

The rite was administered to the infant child of parents, both of whom are deaf-mutes. This was a very impressive ceremonial, being conducted, like the previous services, in the sign language. Then followed the sermon. The text was

Acts II, 4—"And they were all filled

with the Holy Ghost."

Under the manipulations of such a skilled master of the sign language, one unfamiliar with the symbols could almost trace the brief but impressive epitome given of the life of Christ on earth, with that subsequent episode in the lives of His apostles alluded to in the text. The sermon was appropriate to the day, and the closest possible attention was paid to the reverend interpreter. After going over the field of what is being done for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth, he told them what was being specially done on behalf of the 20,000 in this country similarly affected with themselves through the aid of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, founded in this city three years ago and of which there are now branches in nearly all the leading cities of the country, and through its instrumentalities the words of the Gospel are being preached to so many who, otherwise, would be deprived of this blessed privilege.

It appears further, that the project for securing a "National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes" is meeting with great encouragement, and the time is evidently not far away when this plan of benevolence will be satisfactorily and completely consummated.

After a closing benediction the silent worshippers withdrew as quietly as they had entered the sacred edifice, and it was plain to be seen that all appreciated these kindly religious ministrations in their behalf, and the special, earnest labors of their most zealous and devoted friend and religious teacher, Rev. Dr.

Gallaudet.—N. Y. Herald, June 5th.

Another Version of the Story.

The following in relation to the cause of Wm. L. M. Breg's sickness and death, and the reason why he was removed from his position at the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was published in Flint, Michigan, *Journal*, of May 24th, 1876:

Mrs. EDITOR:—My feelings as a friend

of the late Mr. Breg have been very

much excited by reading in the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, published at the Institution,

a notice of the deceased. This pa-

per is understood to be edited by one of

the parties most directly concerned in

making the removal of Mr. Breg from

his place as teacher a year ago. The

hatred which required that removal, in

writing the notice, could not refrain from

giving the following malicious fling at his

memory:

"Until within the past one or two years

he has been strong, vigorous, and a very

able teacher, and under his instructions

have graduated some very intelligent and

well educated young men and women.

For a time back the deceased has been

notably failing, which was accounted for

by some of his intimate friends and ac-

quaintances by the belief that he was at

that terribly fatal disease,

softening of the brain."

The devilish ingenuity and malignity

of this notice can only be seen by hearing

the real facts.

At the time the Institution was being

investigated, Mr. Breg was called as a

witness. He had nothing to do with get-

ting up the trouble, and had not even

talked with the parties doing it. He

was astonished when he was called, but

went, determined to speak the truth as

he saw it, as any true and honest man

must. He did, and his testimony is un-

derstood to have been very strong against

the fitness of the present principal for

his place. For thus daring to speak he

was turned out. He was a deaf-mute,

knew no business except teaching, and

his being turned out gave him a reputa-

tion that prevented his engagement else-

where. It cut him to the heart. He

went home and drooped. He spent

long days in crying. At last his friends

feared that this trouble was beginning to

produce softening of the brain.

The extract I have quoted so states

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

NEW YORK, June 7th, 1876.
DEAR MR. RIDER:—Leaving my Marblehead friends on Friday, May 26th, I went to Salem, where we had a service at St. Peter's Church, in the evening. The Rector, Rev. Dr. Arey, read and I interpreted. It was my privilege to administer baptism to Mr. Southwick. The congregation was composed of the deaf-mutes of Salem and Marblehead, and quite a good number of their hearing and speaking friends. All seemed much interested in learning about the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." I alluded to the Salem Society and also to the efforts about to be made to offer employment to deaf-mutes.

I passed Sunday in Boston, and had the quarterly service in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, at three o'clock, p. m. Monday evening we had service in St. James' Church, Syracuse, Rev. Dr. Clarke reading and I interpreting.

After stopping at Rome, to visit the Institution, and at Utica to see some friends, I reached home on Friday morning, having been absent a fortnight. Trusting that some good was accomplished, I am,

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Laying of a Corner-Stone at West Bangor.

ROUSES POINT, N. Y., June 8th, 1876.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—
At the laying of the corner stone of St. Mark's church, West Bangor, Franklin Co., N. Y., by the Rev. Geo. C. PENNELL, S. T. D., Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, acting for the Bishop, the service was translated into the sign language, by him for the deaf-mutes present. The Rev. Mr. Pitman, of Malone, delivered the address, which was translated into signs by Dr. Pennell. The deaf-mutes present belong to the mission to deaf-mutes, Trinity church, Potsdam, Rev. H. R. HOWARD, Rector, being the centre of the work, and the church in which Dr. Pennell holds the regular services for them. *

The Thrifty Tramp.

JACKSON, Mich., June 3d, 1876.
"Behold Paito's man" was the somewhat contemptuous exclamation of a venerable and ancient philosopher, as he placed before a council of his peers a full-blooded Shanghai, shorn of every vestige of a feather. This was, perhaps, the best that could be given to illustrate Paito's definition that "Man is a biped." Yet the witicism thus perpetuated did not in the least enhance the featherless biped in the estimation of the philosophers. It was no more nor less than the same Shanghai only minus his feathers.

What then is our deaf-mute? To apply the Shanghai illustration to him is out of the question, although, according to Paito, he is a biped. A fatherless not a featherless biped, for if my memory serves me right, I think I have read somewhere in a musty volume about the ears being the father of all the senses. Our deaf-mute having lost the use of that important organ, in then clear enough a fatherless biped, but to apply the word mute to him is as about as ridiculous as applying it to the Shanghai in question. His vocal organ may be impaired, yet he can bellow and bawl just as lustily as a baby, which we never dream of calling a mute, although it cannot articulate any better. Our deaf-mute is a paragon of excellencies, a bundle of eccentricities. One never hears of his being hid under a bushel, or modestly harnessed up to a trade. Oh! no, he enjoys better the glare of the sun-light, and the freedom and ease of some pampered child of fortune. Tidings came to us on the wings of the wind of his being here, then there and everywhere. Sometimes with a valise packed to its fullest capacity with stationery, or pockets full of cheap lead pencils. At other times his towering form, encased in a linen duster reaching down to his heels, with a carpet-bag full of boot-blacking dangling at his side, and the stump of a cigar tightly compressed between his lips, he can be seen perambulating the streets, eliciting admiring glances here and there from passers by. Or he may be a white-haired and bearded man on his way from Kansas to his home in Baltimore, Md. They are invariably married men, having eight or ten children to clothe and feed.

C. B. H.

News from a Collecting Agent.

RECEIVES MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT—THE INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES GAINING FAVOR.

ROCKLAND, Me., June 5, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will now write a few items for you to publish in your valuable paper. I need not state here that I am agent for the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, for you have been already informed of that through Mr. Swett. I have been home for more than three weeks, fixing up my place and planting my "tater" patch, as an Irishman would call it. Now, I have got through with it, and gone to work again in earnest, collecting money for the Home, and also selling books. I meet with very good success almost everywhere; and people all speak of the plan as an excellent one. I am doing all I can to encourage the work, and am confident it will be a grand success. I have collected more than \$200 since the convention, Feb. 22d, besides selling a good many books. I could have collected more for the Home, but most people prefer to buy a book and enjoy a few hours reading than to give the same amount of money away. A book written by a deaf-mute is a new thing to many people. Wherever I sell in towns and villages, I meet with a good many deaf-mutes out of employment in the State of Maine who would do anything for a living or a comfortable home.

You will please publish the following, which I clip from the *Somerset Reporter*, dated May 5, 1876:

"We received a very pleasant call from Samuel Hamilton, collecting agent for the New England Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. Mr. Hamilton is one of the unfortunate who has received benefits at the above proposed institution. All donations and money from the sale of books go into a fund for the purchase of a farm and establishing an Industrial

home for the deaf-mutes, who may be from various causes, deprived of suitable homes. We hope the people of this and neighboring localities will contribute liberally to alleviate the needs of this class of sufferers. William B. Swett is General Agent for the Home Building Fund."

S. HAMILTON.
CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1876.

How the Exhibition gets on—Our Correspondent thinks it is a good thing—Some Notes and Incidents—The Hunter's Camp—First Pennsylvania Railroad Train—Independence Hall.

Long letters are a nuisance, as a general thing, and I have of late treated your readers to several of them in attempting to get through this Exhibition by rote. So for this week I will give you only some rambling notes and gossip by way of variety. There never was a show where one could get "so much sugar for a cent"—so many attractions under one canvas, so to speak. It makes little difference what part of the grounds you begin with or what building you enter first, "all is grist that comes to the mill," as the old miller said, and there are pretty things, curious and interesting things on every hand. Larger crowds of people are coming every day and the coffers of the managers are correspondingly benefited—to say nothing of numerous outside interests. For a time there was a decidedly gloomy prospect for a lot of vendors and caterers of all kinds, who had paid heavy bonuses for privileges, but things look more promising for them now, though even yet many a bright dream is a long way from realization. The attendance, however, is getting to be nearer the mark, and the more visitors look about them the more they realize what a shame it would be to have such a magnificent exhibition fail of appreciation or support. And there is satisfaction in the statement that so far the attendance exceeds by more than three times that at Vienna for a corresponding period.

Incidents of the most amusing character divert the attention of observing persons on every hand. The philosophical student of human nature enjoys these nearly as much as the Exhibition itself. Every avenue and walk leading to the grounds is lined on either hand with hucksters of all sorts, whose seductive exhortations greet the ear of all passers-by. Here are some specimens gathered as I strolled leisurely out of the grounds the other evening. The lemonade man: "This way, ladies and gentlemen, for your real California strawberry lemonade! Lem! Lem! The original California lemonade! Each glass is prepared from a choice juicy lemon, with half a pound of double refined sugar. Each glass contains a piece of ice as large as the baby elephant's ear, and all for the low price of half a dime. Walk right up this way; now's your time! Thank you, sir; another glass sold, another soul made happy. Lem, lem, lem!" Another enterprising gentleman shouts Peanuts; his voice, a melodious basso profundo, pitched in B. flat: "Walk up, run up, tumble up! This is the original Japanese Peanut, authorized by the Centennial Commission and approved by the Board of Health. These choice and delicious camel-back peanuts are unequalled in size and flavor. The ladies love them and children cry for them! Buy them before you try them! Fresh, roasted, camel-back, Japanese peanuts, only five cents a quart!" Peanuts may or may not be a wholesome and nutritious diet. Authorities differ on the subject. But no American show would be complete without the fragrant, unctuous peanut. They are one of our institutions, and are indispensable to complete the happiness of the average American pleasure seeker.

There are some things that men do that are unbecoming, and among them are such complaints as we began to hear last week about the dry weather. It is safe to trust what we cannot control to God, and an exceptionally mean sin to ever find fault with his management.

The potato bugs made their appearance some time ago, ready for business.

It is evident they came from abroad, as they are full grown, "sleek and fat," and we might say of the "first stripe." We think the strong south wind helped them on from "Egypt," and wish Barnum had them all caged, so he could be the undisputed "Prince of all humbugs."

Now, Mr. Editor, we don't want these beings in our potatoes any more than the citizens of San Francisco want the Chinese, but what shall we do about it.

of the machine appears to have been intended literally to catch the intrusive animal and not throw her from the track. This call to mind the recent achievement of the Pennsylvania Company, which is a good Centennial item, exemplifying the progress in railroading. People here have manifested a good deal of interest in the fast-train experiments and the successful running of the San Francisco train from New York to Chicago over the Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne tracks in twenty-five minutes less than schedule time, which was twenty-two hours, is a gratifying achievement, which only a perfect road and equipment render possible. From New York to Pittsburgh, 444 miles, no stop was made at all—the train running steadily on its way at an average rate of 44 miles an hour.

The beauties and delights of a fine floral display can be fully enjoyed here along with all the rest. Having walked through the acres of blooming flowers, verdant and healthy evergreens, surrounding the Horticultural Hall, and through the orange and tropical groves of the fairy-like hall itself, sweet music in the meanwhile floating from the organ in the gallery, the visitor passes out and around to the northern side of the building, where he finds another conservatory constructed an annex to supply space which the main structure lacked. This building is one great gothic arch, covering an area of ground 150 by 50 feet in size. Canvas is used instead of glass on the arch, and a delightful shade is the consequence. The walks are of fine sand kept damp, thereby imparting a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere. But the attraction here is in the display of rhododendrons in all their charming varieties. There are no flowers in the building but these, and they are all owned and exhibited by one man, Anthony Waterer, Knob Hill Nursery, England. His exhibits here number 1,500 plants, bearing, probably, twenty times as many flowers. In a short time he must remove them from the building, to make way for exhibitors of plants thriving later in the year, and these, in turn, must do in like manner for still others.

Last Wednesday was the Centennial anniversary of the introduction in the Continental Congress of the original resolution of Independence. The brief resolution was introduced by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, on the 7th of June, 1776, and laid over till the following day when it went to a committee and finally developed into a formal declaration on July 4th. The scene was in Independence Hall, which now attracts many visitors. A model, in metal, of the old Hall has been placed under a glass covering in Memorial Hall, on the Exhibition grounds. Scale, three-eighths of an inch to the square foot, weight, 1,200 pounds. It is an exact reproduction both of the interior and exterior of the Hall. Outside it is of German silver, oxidized with red gold. Inside are miniature copies of the 160 portraits in the Hall, with models of the furniture, desks, &c. And here, alas, is the short letter I started out to write.

NORTH VOLNEY.

Last Thursday quite an extensive drought had commenced, there not having rain for two weeks. The period was the most critical for both hay and oats. But Friday the needed shower came, and the rain began to fall. This materially helps the hay crop, and if the showers continue it will help to secure a large one.

There are some things that men do that are unbecoming, and among them are such complaints as we began to hear last week about the dry weather. It is safe to trust what we cannot control to God, and an exceptionally mean sin to ever find fault with his management.

The potato bugs made their appearance some time ago, ready for business. It is evident they came from abroad, as they are full grown, "sleek and fat," and we might say of the "first stripe." We think the strong south wind helped them on from "Egypt," and wish Barnum had them all caged, so he could be the undisputed "Prince of all humbugs."

Now, Mr. Editor, we don't want these beings in our potatoes any more than the citizens of San Francisco want the Chinese, but what shall we do about it.

Even.

North Volney, June 12, 1876.

PARISH.

We regret to state that the news from this place for the past week is not of the most agreeable character. Last Monday a mother and son were arrested for cruelty to a daughter and sister, and bound over to keep the peace and await the action of the grand jury. The arrest was made at the instigation of another son and brother.

Last Tuesday, about noon, near the Town Hall, Ora Rider, one of our best boys, son of D. L. Rider, was attacked by three ruffianly boys, of our place, with stones and clubs, and was severely hurt. He was knocked down, was senseless for awhile, and his right arm was partially paralyzed. The boys have been arrested. Officer Edick and Justice Barney have them in charge.

For several months past, the village of Parish has been afflicted with a lot of ruffianly boys. The better part of the village deplored it, while another part seemingly encouraged them. These boys would particularly vent their spite on those outside of the village, both old and young. The matter had gone so far that people outside hesitated to send their children to the village to trade and to school for fear of their being injured.

The prospects are now that we shall have a very different state of things, for the better class will have order and ruffians will be punished.

Oswego County Bible Society.

Obituary

Emily T. Tubbs, wife of the late William Tubbs, of Prattville, Oswego Co., N. Y., departed this life, March 13th, 1876, in the sixty-third year of her age. Her disease was bronchial consumption.

The subject of this memoir was born in Vernon, Vermont, in the year 1813, and, at the age of six years, she with her parents, moved to Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. At the age of ten years, her dear mother died, and she was adopted by Mr. Samuel Emery as a daughter, and with him lived until she was twenty years of age. In 1830, in a revival meeting conducted by Rev. Mr. Dixon, a Congregationalist, she was led to see her condition as a sinner and the necessity of coming to Christ for salvation; and therefore, with many others, gave her heart to God, joined the First Congregational church of Mexico, and in that church lived a faithful, exemplary Christian for many years. In 1833, she became particularly acquainted with and married Mr. William Tubbs, and settled in the eastern part of the town on a farm, where they raised and educated two respectable children, one of whom became a teacher, the other a physician, and was a surgeon in the late war, in which he sacrificed his life for the good of his country.

In 1859 or '60, under the labors of Rev. A. P. Burgess, soon after a special revival of work conducted by him, a Wesleyan Methodist church was organized, and she and her husband united with it, and in said church she remained a worthy member until the day her spirit left for its home in heaven. Sister Tubbs was always true to her Savior, and the cause of God she so much loved. She, among others, in an early day, organized a sewing society, known as the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Prattville, in which she found another conservatory constructed an annex to supply space which the main structure lacked. This building is one great gothic arch, covering an area of ground 150 by 50 feet in size. Canvas is used instead of glass on the arch, and a delightful shade is the consequence. The walks are of fine sand kept damp, thereby imparting a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere. But the attraction here is in the display of rhododendrons in all their charming varieties. There are no flowers in the building but these, and they are all owned and exhibited by one man, Anthony Waterer, Knob Hill Nursery, England. His exhibits here number 1,500 plants, bearing, probably, twenty times as many flowers. In a short time he must remove them from the building, to make way for exhibitors of plants thriving later in the year, and these, in turn, must do in like manner for still others.

The beauties and delights of a fine

Academy Semi-Centennial.

A meeting of citizens was held at Mayo Hall, Thursday evening, June 8th, pursuant to adjournment. It was much better attended than either of the former gatherings, and a very good spirit was manifested by those present.

The committee appointed at a former meeting to propose an outline sketch of the exercises, reported.

On motion, the date of the reunion exercises was fixed for August 23d and 24th.

It was also decided to procure a commodious tent, capable of seating 1,200 to 1,500 persons, in which to assemble for all the festivities, literary, patriotic and social.

The details of the programme were not sufficiently perfected to make their publication at this time advisable. It may be proper to say, however, that the first day and evening will probably be devoted to literary exercises as addresses, poems, &c. The second day to reminiscences and short addresses from speakers selected from each of the five decades of the Academy's existence. Each of these to be followed in turn by volunteer speeches, stories, &c. The afternoon will be devoted to a recognition of our national Centennial, and will include town and county reminiscences, and a Centennial address.

The celebration will close on the evening of the second day with a grand reunion banquet in the tent, with stories, songs, toasts, &c.

To this all the students and teachers of the whole fifty years' existence of the institution will be invited by public notice, and, so far as their residences can be ascertained, by circular.

All the citizens of the town of Mexico, and all former students of the Academy residing in adjoining towns, will be invited to contribute to the success of this banquet by exhibiting a substantial interest.

The committee on programme also recommended the appointment of nine committees to take charge of the various details, and on motion the chair was directed to appoint a nominating committee of five gentlemen to fill out the several committees and report their appointment through the paper.

The chair appointed as such committee Rev. B. F. Barker, Alva F. Kellogg, Esq., B. S. Stone, T. W. Skinner, Esq., and Newton Hall. On motion, L. H. Conklin was added to the committee.

On motion of D. W. C. Peck, it was unanimously voted that the nominating committee be requested to report the name of Rev. B. F. Barker as chairman of the executive committee.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the call of the executive committee.

S. H. STONE, Chairman.

—A Hollon's house in Sand Bank was recently refined, and two gold watches, worth \$350, stolen.

—S. L. Alexander has just received a lot of Centennial shoes. Though very nice they are not very expensive.

—Rufus P. Calkins and wife started for the Centennial last Monday evening, and "Tom" Sayles is also on a visit to the big show.

—The new Congregational church at Sand Bank was dedicated recently. The church cost \$5,600, of which \$4,665 has been paid.

—The depot of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad in Oswego, was on Monday last removed to the West side in the Revenue block.

—Miss Amelia V. Pettit will read a poem, entitled, "The Fatal Wine Cup," next Sabbath evening, in one of the churches.

—On Monday last the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company commenced running through trains to Niagara Falls.

—Patrick Flynn, of Granby, was found dead in the Oswego river, Friday, his body being tied to a tree. It is thought he committed suicide.

—J. R. Norton not only believes in advertising what he has to sell in the Independent, but in large and attractive posters. No wonder he is a successful merchant.

—Hon. O. J. Harmon, of Oswego, has been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the State Sunday-school Association. He is also a member of the Executive Committee.

—The Oswego County Eclectic Medical Society held its annual session at Pulaski, on Tuesday of last week. President J. N. Bettis, M. D., delivered a practical address.

—N. Voodre, of Richland, a saw mill employee is the heir to from \$100,000 to \$300,000 belonging to his grandfather who died in Detroit recently without making a will.

—After hearing argument, Judge Nixon has continued the injunction restraining the Common Council and municipal officers of Oswego from levying a tax of \$5,200 for the centennial Fourth of April, 1872, and therefore unconstitutional. The citizens, however, still intend to have a celebration, and a good

Facts and Fancies.

A matter of course—The turf.

A beneficial strike—striking a job.

Kentucky was eighty-four years old as a State on the 1st inst.

The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.

Rheumatism is always a joint affair, and yet there is only one party to it.

Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

A man must be very hungry to like the sound of a dinner gong.

Time is the vehicle which carries everything into nothing.

Kings and authors should be very careful how they treat their subjects.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

Silver is flat in the London market. It has just commenced to get 'round here.

Most men have in their souls no locomotives strong enough to draw a train of thought.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a fine preface.

The obituary of a book agent says: He was a man of marked composure of manner.

The difference between an overcoat and baby is: one you was and the other you wear.

Crusty says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

Man is the only animal that is doomed to the drudgery of forever carrying pants upon his knees.

If you crack rough jokes at other people's expense, you may get your head cracked at your own.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

The first part of married life is the shine of the honey-moon; the rest too often common moonshine.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

A scientific man in San Francisco recently sent a petrified codfish to his niece as a wedding present.

President Grant, it is said, expects to make a tour of the world upon the close of his term of office.

Tennessee has forty cotton mills, employing 56,358 spindles, and consuming 14,443 bales of cotton.

There are 70,000 children living on boats in England, who receive no education.

According to the new Directory, San Francisco has now a population of 272,345 souls, a gain of 42,000 during the last year.

There is no whet to the appetite like early dew, nothing for the stomach like grass and wild flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Mrs. Ira Mead, of Greenwich, who is one hundred and six years old, says: "Few people die after they get to be a hundred."

A New Hampshire farmer has believed in the profitableness of hogs since one of them rooted up a box containing \$300.

Motto of a Portland temperance reform club: "We bend the knee, but not the elbow."

A young lady who had a new hood, and was asked to lend it frequently, said she was getting tired of keeping a neighborhood.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

An Ohio clergyman, praying in his church, was interrupted by his dog, which trotted up the aisle and pulpit stairs and put his paws on his master's shoulders.

In a recent address to female candidates for confirmation the vicar of Kensington, England, requested them to arrange their hair so that the bishop might really lay his hands on their heads.

Osgood and Drew, a speaker and a singer, have formed a copartnership for temperance revivalism on the Moody and Sankey plan. They have started out successfully in Massachusetts.

She was a young lady from Chicago, and he asked her if she would partake of an ice cream, and she gently answered: "It's good, square, confectioner's cream, I'm there; but if it's church fair or strawberry festival, count me out."

A Milwaukee man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about saying that he owes his life to that woman.

A backwoods clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and fasten to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

A homely Scotch proverb says: A plate w' a man's name on it is a very guid thing, but a dennerplate w' a man's denner on it is a better.

Saving Money.

A woman was about to move, and convinced her husband that they couldn't do better than selling their furniture at auction, and mainaining thus the apparently irreconcilable theses that (1) you can always get things at auction for less than their worth, and (2) that you can always get more at an auction for things than they are worth. Accordingly she disposed of her household effects on a Friday. Saturday she went to another auction and bought back for 19.75 the girl's bedroom set that on the day preceding she had sold for \$10.60, less charges and commission. When her husband reminded her of it she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if this was all the thanks she got for trying to save his money.

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If you crack rough jokes at other people's expense, you may get your head cracked at your own.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

The first part of married life is the shine of the honey-moon; the rest too often common moonshine.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

A scientific man in San Francisco recently sent a petrified codfish to his niece as a wedding present.

President Grant, it is said, expects to make a tour of the world upon the close of his term of office.

Tennessee has forty cotton mills, employing 56,358 spindles, and consuming 14,443 bales of cotton.

There are 70,000 children living on boats in England, who receive no education.

According to the new Directory, San Francisco has now a population of 272,345 souls, a gain of 42,000 during the last year.

There is no whet to the appetite like early dew, nothing for the stomach like grass and wild flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Mrs. Ira Mead, of Greenwich, who is one hundred and six years old, says: "Few people die after they get to be a hundred."

A New Hampshire farmer has believed in the profitableness of hogs since one of them rooted up a box containing \$300.

Motto of a Portland temperance reform club: "We bend the knee, but not the elbow."

A young lady who had a new hood, and was asked to lend it frequently, said she was getting tired of keeping a neighborhood.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

An Ohio clergyman, praying in his church, was interrupted by his dog, which trotted up the aisle and pulpit stairs and put his paws on his master's shoulders.

In a recent address to female candidates for confirmation the vicar of Kensington, England, requested them to arrange their hair so that the bishop might really lay his hands on their heads.

Osgood and Drew, a speaker and a singer, have formed a copartnership for temperance revivalism on the Moody and Sankey plan. They have started out successfully in Massachusetts.

She was a young lady from Chicago, and he asked her if she would partake of an ice cream, and she gently answered: "It's good, square, confectioner's cream, I'm there; but if it's church fair or strawberry festival, count me out."

A Milwaukee man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about saying that he owes his life to that woman.

A backwoods clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and fasten to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

A homely Scotch proverb says: A plate w' a man's name on it is a very guid thing, but a dennerplate w' a man's denner on it is a better.

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